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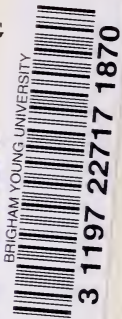
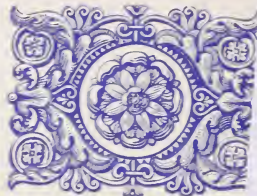
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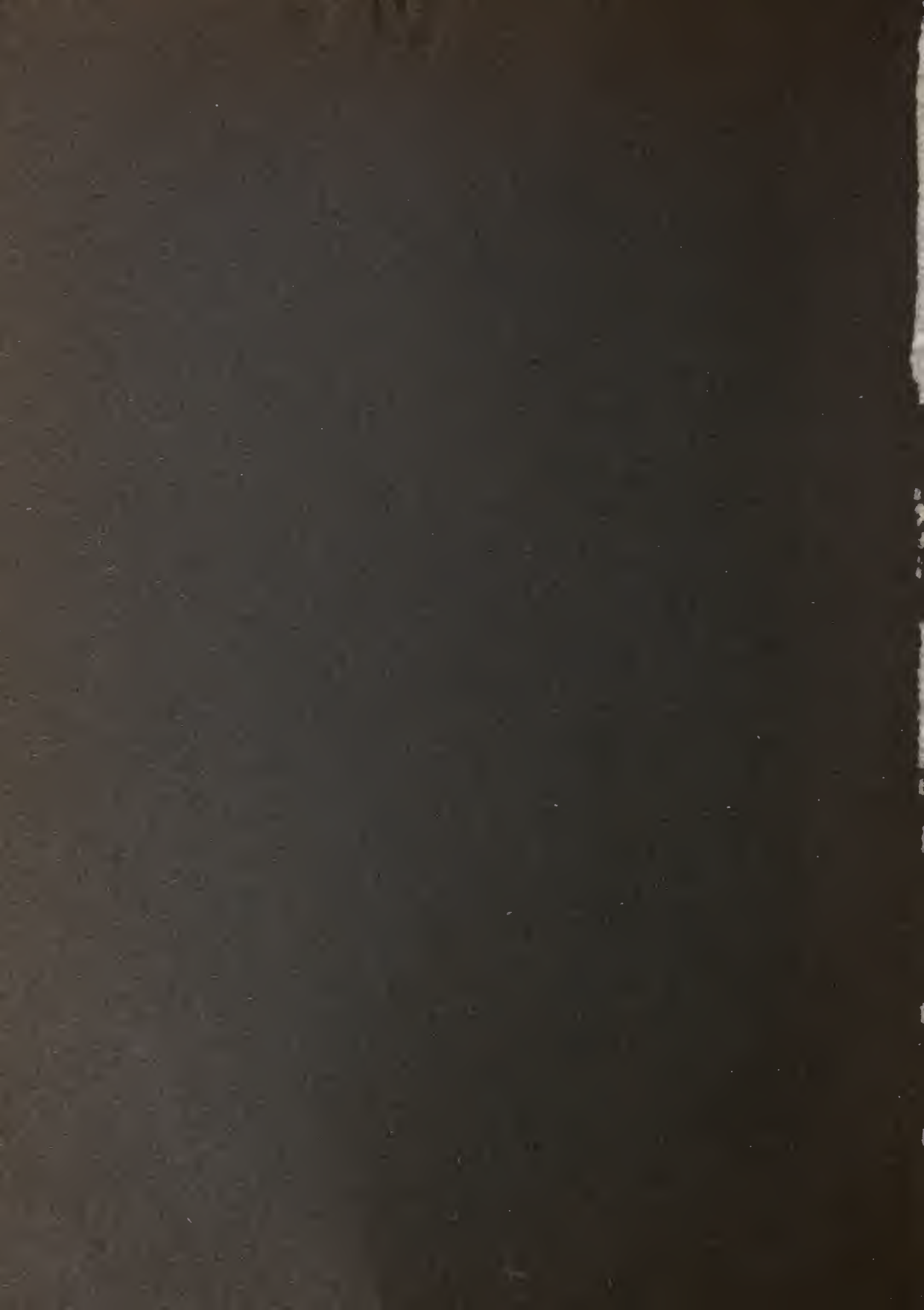
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SIR EDWARD
BURNE-JONES



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Photo of Caswell Smith

The Bateful Head

From the Picture by Sir Edward Burne-Jones

SIR EDWARD BURNER JONES



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A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY

BY MALCOLM BELL

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

OF the many curious idiosyncrasies of the human mind, the secret springs and hidden workings of which Psychology may perhaps some day lay bare to our successors, none is more remarkable or inexplicable than the tendency of men, of all races and of all ages, to locate in the more or less distant past a mythical period of universal happiness and beauty and to regard the present as a time of utter and incurable degeneration. The ancient Semitic writers were but voicing this dominant conviction in picturing a garden of Eden, the Roman poets evolved from it a golden age of Saturn, the very savages believe in some dim, distant land wherein their ancestors were wont to dwell in unbroken peace and plenty. Our predecessors looked back upon those of their forerunners as *the halcyon days par excellence*, and the upholder of "the good old times" is yet loud-voiced and aggressive amongst us, while there is still no gathering of men at which some one shall not be heard enunciating that this, that, or the other is "going to the dogs." Thousands of full-fed, well-clothed, warmly

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housed citizens, with hands jingling the sovereigns in their fatly lined pockets, may be found to solemnly assert, and, we may suppose, to seriously hold as truth, that their school-days were the happiest of their lives, and doubtless in the far distant future, when our modern languages are as dead as Sanskrit and a scientifically compounded common tongue prevails from Pole to Pole, some equivalent for *Laudator temporis acti* will be as needful and familiar as that well-worn phrase is now. It is not a little singular that this propensity should prove to be most highly developed among the presumably well-educated, and should be peculiarly, in some mysterious fashion, correlated with the critical faculty, yet it is indubitably from the time-keepers and accountants of the various forms of art-production, of Painting and Poetry, Sculpture and Music, and in especial, of the Drama, that the wail of dismay rises loudest and longest. The ugliness of modern surroundings, the lack of any worthy theme for poetry in modern life, the sordid materialism of modern men, the triumph of machinery over all that was beautifullest and best—in suchwise and in a thousand similar keys the dirge goes on. It is in vain that Mr. Kipling perceives and proclaims the crystal truth that “Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.” The pack is in too full cry to hearken, they only shut their ears and lament the louder, “Romance is dead, Romance is

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buried !” And yet, and yet—there was once a child born of modest, certainly of no very lofty parentage, in the heart of a provincial city given wholly to trade and manufacture. He was sent in due course to the local grammar-school, where he went through the customary uninspiring course of tuition with such success that he obtained a scholarship enabling him to proceed to a university, whither, at a fitting age, he went, contemplating, it would seem contentedly enough, the prospect of taking Orders and settling down in the quiet, uneventful life of a country parsonage. At college, however, he chanced to make acquaintance with the works of a living painter, some three or four at most, works which, whatever may be thought of them now, were then regarded by a very large majority of his contemporaries as the product of a morbid eccentricity, if not of actual insanity. In the mind of this young man, nevertheless, almost wholly ignorant of the arts as he was, they aroused a feeling of overwhelming admiration. From that moment his outlook upon life was radically altered. The contemplation of a future of sober, middle-class respectability within the shelter of the Church became unendurable to him, and the, at that time, dubiously reputable career of a painter attracted him with a force that might not be resisted. He was casting away from him, he knew, an assured livelihood, and grasping at a nebulous uncertainty ;

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he was flouting the ingrained prejudices of those near and dear to him ; he was, in their eyes, at any rate, wilfully deserting the high-road to social recognition, and throwing in his lot with vagabonds and wastrels. On the one hand was the good opinion of his kin and at least a comfortable competence, on the other disapproval and very possible penury. Yet he scarcely hesitated. The beginning of the path he meant to follow, lead where it might, to pinnacle or to abyss, was clear to him, but the means of setting a first foot upon it were yet to be discovered. He had no acquaintances in the world of art : a great gulf yawned between him and it, and, if he would win his way there, he must himself build the bridge. With a happy instinct, he resolved to seek out the man whose handiwork had fired the spark of his ambitions. That artist's own experience might well have inclined him to throw cold water on his young visitor's aspirations, or he might have shrunk from undertaking so serious a responsibility in the case of an utter stranger and have sent him back forthwith to his books. He encouraged him in every way, on the contrary, and urged him, wisely as it fell out, though certainly most rashly, to fling prudence and security to the winds and plunge fearlessly into the sea of uncertainty, and when that was done he debarred him from the customary guidance of the schools and forced him, with some occasional assistance

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and advice, to battle with the waves as best he might and fight his own way to shore. That a more regular and conventional course of instruction would have saved him much precious time in the future can scarcely be doubted, but how far this might have impaired or altogether destroyed his marked originality, it is impossible to say. By dint of sheer industry and perseverance, inspired and supported by the utter sincerity of his convictions, he moved forward. Patrons, few but sufficient, came to him, and he was, fortunately, enabled to supplement by decorative designing the income derived from his purely pictorial work to such an extent that within five years of his setting forth he felt justified in marrying the girl whose devotion and encouragement never failed or faltered thereafter. Yet to the uninformed outside world his career must have seemed from the outset a hopeless and unmitigated failure. His pictures were received by the main body of the critics with fierce derision. A society of his fellow artists to which he had been elected treated him in such a fashion that he deemed it essential to his self-respect to withdraw from membership, and continued neglect and contempt appeared to be all that he could hope for from the general public. A weaker man might have despaired ; a man with a less assured instinct might have yielded to popular clamour and reconsidered his aims and methods. He neither despaired nor yielded. Without the audacious

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self-confidence which prompted a famous statesman to assure a jeering House of Commons that a day would come when they would have to listen to him, he was as fully assured that a man to put forth the best that is in him must express himself in his own way, and heartened by the sympathy and support of the few, he reconciled himself to dispense with the approbation of the many. Thenceforward, for many years, he disappeared to all intents and purposes from the public eye. That he was wholly unmoved by the popular attitude towards his work would be too much to say ; no man can see with indifference his most cherished ideals received with contumely, however ignorant ; but, suffer as he might, he never lost heart or strength of purpose, and Time in the end wonderfully brought about its revenges. It is neither necessary nor desirable to trace in detail here the gradual triumph achieved by industry and sincerity over indifference or prejudice. It will be sufficient to point out that he lived to see the public flocking to admire the work that it had scorned, to hear the critics raising a unanimous chorus of approval of the man they had condemned, to be welcomed again by the society that had practically driven him forth, and to find foreign nations vying with his own in heaping their most distinguished laurels on his head. The Official Representatives of his native art spontaneously invited him into their ranks, and his Sovereign set the seal on

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popular favour by conferring upon him one of the far from numerous titles proffered to members of his chosen profession. And all this came to him absolutely unsought. It is true that his uncommon and irresistible personal charm won him troops of influential friends, but it is as certain that he never himself stirred a finger or breathed a word to induce any one of them to move on his behalf. His work, and his work alone, was what he lived for. His work, and his work alone, procured him fame and honour. Such a story of endurance and success, related with elaboration and dexterity, with the scene laid in some picturesque foreign town and the characters costumed in the fantastic garb of mediæval times, would surely be adjudged romantic in the highest sense, and it can scarcely be seriously maintained that its claim to the epithet is in any way disallowed by the fact that the date of the artist's birth was August 28, 1833, that the appellation of the town in which he first saw light was Birmingham, that he wore the ungraceful garments affected by Europeans in the nineteenth century, and that the names inscribed upon his baptismal certificate were Edward Coley Burne Jones.

It may, perhaps, be prudent to point out that no intention of attributing this remarkable revolution in public opinion entirely to the genius of Burne-Jones, transcendent though that was, is here suggested. Good fortune is

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allowed to the hero of Romance as well as high merit, and undoubtedly Burne-Jones made his entrance into the world of art at a propitious moment. There can be small question that the strikingly poetical and imaginative qualities of his creations would, in any case, have won eventual recognition, but it might well have happened to him, as it has to many a man, that this should have befallen when he was no longer capable of receiving pleasure or profit from it, and that it might have been said of him, as the mother of Robert Burns is reported to have exclaimed bitterly when she was shown the imposing monument erected to the memory of her son, "He asked for bread and they have given him a stone." From this hapless fate Burne-Jones was saved by circumstances entirely outside his own initiation or control. While he was still a boy at school the dissatisfaction and unrest aroused in the minds of some of the younger generation of artists by the empty pretence and hollow artificiality of the lifeless conventions alone admitted and allowed by Academic Officialdom had culminated in that open revolt on the part of a small body of men who banded themselves together into the now world-famous association known as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. There had been begun about the same time that organised endeavour, instigated very largely, if not entirely, by the late Prince Consort, to stir into activity the comatose interest of the British

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public in matters of art, applied and otherwise, which found its fullest expression in the Great Exhibition of 1851. That the direct results of this were very important or highly desirable cannot honestly be said, but it served the purpose of calling popular attention to the existence of a native pictorial art just at the time when the stronghold of the fossilised upholders of an exploded practice was being seriously threatened by the upheaval from without. The average Englishman dearly loves a fight, and in that one, thanks mainly to the splendid energy, vigorous personality, and remarkable talents of the late Sir John Millais, he developed an enthusiastic and altogether unprecedented interest. That the question of what to paint, and how to paint it, should become the subject of general and heated debate in middle-class Britain was in itself an extraordinary and, till then, inconceivable event. Lastly, an incident occurred which, though, on the face of it, widely dissociated from matters of art, cannot have been without its effect on the ultimate outcome of the controversy. The publication, in 1859, of Darwin's "Origin of Species" attracted universal attention, and the discussion which ensued opened the eyes of most thinking men to the hitherto scarcely suspected fallacy of the old argument that the antiquity of a belief was in itself testimony as to its soundness. In this new light men began trying and testing all sorts of long-held convictions,

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and saw many of them shattered as suddenly and irretrievably in the process as the traveller in tropical forests feels the seemingly solid tree-trunk crumble into powder beneath his foot. The laws of evidence in due course were submitted to a complete and searching revision. *Ex cathedrâ* statements and *obiter dicta* were no longer received as good argumentative currency, no matter how high the authority that uttered them, and rigid, scientific criticism was applied in every branch of human knowledge. There followed a mighty crashing down of time-honoured fetishes, and it was not to be expected that those of academical art tradition should alone escape the widespread catastrophe. In the end, though not until after a long and bitter struggle, common sense naturally enough prevailed. The hidebound theory that only a certain class of subjects treated in a particular way was acceptable as art was blown to the four winds, and the entirely antagonistic dictum that so long as a man worked sincerely, earnestly, and honestly he should be free to declare what he would, and in his own fashion, was finally received as an obvious and incontrovertible truth. The great and essential principle of Toleration in matters of art was securely established. Thus, it fell out that when Burne-Jones came upon the field, the victory was to all intents and purposes won. The enemy, indeed, was not altogether annihilated, and yet carried on a guerilla

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warfare for many a year in sufficient strength to cause considerable embarrassment to the conquerors. The tactics, for the most part, took the form of a caustic and carping investigation of any innovator's claim to sincerity of purpose. Originality was stigmatised as eccentricity, poetic feeling as artificiality, and individuality as affectation. To this method of attack the essentially personal art of Burne-Jones was peculiarly susceptible, and it was, doubtless, delivered with the more venom and persistence because he was known to be intimate with and influenced by one of the earliest leaders of the successful revolution—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Looking back with the calmer judgment and fuller knowledge engendered by the perspective of nearly half a century, one cannot wonder that many of the professional critics and most of the less expert populace should have boggled in bewilderment at so entirely novel an artistic presentment. The very sources of many of the subjects must have been for the most part unknown, and consequently suspect. "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," some of the more frequently acted of the Shakespearean plays, the least recondite portions of ancient history and mythology, and the most dramatic episodes from the annals of England were more or less familiar and recognisable themes ; but Chaucer and Spenser, though generally acknowledged as poets of considerable import-

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ance, were then, as it may be feared they are still, more talked of than read, and, "What," we may imagine one puzzled amateur of paintings asking another—"What in the name of all that is mysterious is the 'Mort d'Arthur' ? Who was Nimue or Viridis of Milan, Clerk Saunders or Sidonia von Bork, Sir Degrevant, Tristram, or Yseult ?" Yet these heroes and heroines of seldom-perused romance-writers, poets, and balladmongers, to whom Burne-Jones was in the first place attracted by the enthusiasm of Rossetti and William Morris, were the personages he most delighted to portray. His very first attempt to grapple with the difficulties of oil-colours was the representation upon a cabinet, at that time belonging to Morris but now in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, of Chaucer's "Prioress's Tale," which, containing no suggestion of impropriety, had escaped the modernising attentions of eighteenth-century authors, while by a strange hazard a painting of the same subject begun in 1869 was the last work he completed, and was on exhibition in the New Gallery at the time of his death on June 17, 1898. During the forty busy years that intervened between these two versions of the Canterbury tale he drew upon Chaucer for inspiration many times. *Cupid's Forge*, from *The Assembly of Fowls*, was finished in 1861, one rendering of *Chaucer's Dream* in 1865, and a second and somewhat different one in 1871, *Dorigen* of the

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Franklin's Tale in the same year, *The Pilgrim at the Gate of Idleness* and *The Heart of the Rose*, from *The Romaunt of the Rose*, in 1893, and *The Pilgrim of Love*, from the same, in 1897. Many other designs which he never found time to carry out were also suggested by one or other of the poems, and he furthermore drew a large number of illustrations to the whole of the poet's works for the splendid edition issued by Morris from the Kelmscott Press in 1897. Chaucer, in fact, with his wealth of imagery and delight in decorative accessories, was especially sympathetic to the intellect of Burne-Jones, though the straightforward simplicity of the old ballads appealed to him no less, and he obtained not a few ideas for pictures from them, of which the best known is the magnificent *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, which, after the artist's death, was purchased by a number of subscribers and presented to the Tate Gallery as a fitting memorial of him. To Sir Thomas Malory's "Mort d'Arthur" he was also frequently indebted. *The Enchantments of Nimue*, painted in 1861 and now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, *Tristram and Yseult* and *The Madness of Tristram*, both dating from 1862, *Morgan le Fay* (1863), and the large *Beguiling of Merlin*, finished in 1877, are among the incidents selected from its rich storehouse of heroic legend. Authentic history appealed to him not at all. Indeed, the highly doubtful story of *Queen Eleanor and*

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Rosamond (1862) is the nearest approach he ever made to representing it, but two of the legends of the saints supplied material for his brush, that of *St. Theophilus and the Angel*, which he painted twice, once in 1866 and again in 1868, and that of *St. George and the Dragon*, which he treated at length in seven decorative panels for the dining-room of the late Mr. Birket Foster at Witley during the years 1865 and 1866, subsequently working over the same canvases with the larger experience of thirty added years of work when they came into the market in 1895. Only two subjects out of the Old Testament stirred him to pictorial expression, the *Sponsa di Libano*, from the Song of Solomon (1891), and *Elijah in the Wilderness*, which was sold at Christie's in July 1898, after his decease, although throughout his career he resorted again and again to the New. The *Annunciation*, for some reason, seems particularly to have fascinated him, different versions having occupied him in 1861, 1863, 1869, 1874, 1879, and 1887. The variations between these representations are strikingly demonstrative of the modification and development of his artistic individuality. The earliest were manifestly based upon a generalisation of the methods of the older Italian painters, especially of the Siennese school, whose works he had studied with delight during his visits in 1859 and 1862. We find in them the same naïve simplicity and wilful anachronisms, the mediæval furniture and costumes.

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The figures, as a rule, are shown in profile, and recipient Virgin and announcing Angel alike are generally kneeling. The colour is rich and disposed in broad masses, and the Madonna's robes are in most cases red and blue. A greater contrast than the later rendering, which was finished and exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1879, it would be difficult to imagine. Adapted rigidly to an arrangement of vertical lines, and composed in a colour-scheme of delicate greys, greens, purples, and blues to a reminiscence of the opalescent plumage of the dove, it is as complete a revelation of the fully evolved personality of the painter as could well be found. Nevertheless, his greatest achievement in the field of Scripture subjects is undoubtedly the large water-colour of *The Adoration of the Magi*. Designed, in the first place, as a tapestry for Exeter College, Oxford, it was given fuller and more strictly pictorial expression at the special request of the Corporation of Birmingham, and it now hangs as the chief monument to the artist in the Municipal Gallery of his birth-place. Apart from its beauty, it is of notable interest as illustrating two peculiar features in the painter's practice. The first is his utter disregard of the distinctions between oil-colours and water-colours. There is a general understanding among artists and critics that there are certain subjects which can be more suitably treated in one than in the other, though it may be doubted whether,

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if a committee of experts should be summoned to consider and legislate upon the matter, it would be able to arrive at any universally accepted and definite delimitations between the two ; but it was, at any rate, a question to which Burne-Jones evidently never gave a moment's consideration or attached the slightest importance. It would seem to have been a mere matter of chance whether, in the rendering of any given subject, he chose oil- or water-colours, and it is difficult even to conjecture why he should have preferred the latter, on this occasion, in a work on so vast a scale. The second, and even more marked, idiosyncrasy to which I would call attention is his absolute indifference to archæological or topographical accuracy. The meticulous precision which demands and seeks out authority for the most trifling detail was wholly alien to his disposition. Not that he was ignorant of or insensible to the masterpieces of ancient art—he was a profound student and ardent admirer of them—but in visualising any scene he created spontaneously around it an atmosphere and environment individual to himself, while his fecund imagination supplied such a profusion of decorative accessories that an effort after actuality rather than appropriateness would have been as hampering as superfluous. Nevertheless, there are unquestionably minds to which this carelessness of fact is vexatious and repellent, and it may perhaps be due, in part at least, to this that

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his greatest popular success was made in a sphere where exactitude was not only undesirable but unattainable. From the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, when for the first time he laid before the public an adequate profession of his artistic beliefs, the ranks of his devotees had received annually increasing accessions ; but it was not until 1891, when the four interpretations rather than illustrations of the old fairy-tale *The Sleeping Beauty* were exhibited by Messrs. Agnew, under the comprehensive title of *The Briar Rose*, that his capture of the popular taste can be said to have been consummated.

There remains but one literary stimulus of his inventive faculties to mention, but that one was ever the most active and efficient, and may, in fact, be regarded as the origin of a large majority of his illustrative pictures, while it undeniably also affected to a considerable degree his manner of presentment. His life-long friendship for William Morris began when on the same day in 1852 they both entered as undergraduates at Exeter College, Oxford. They shared rooms together for some time at 17 Red Lion Square, in London, and nothing that concerned either lacked interest for the other. We may feel reasonably sure, therefore, that the old stories retold in verse by Morris were read by or to his friend long before they were given to the public in 1868, under the name of *The Earthly Paradise*, and to them we may attribute not

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only many of the classical and romantic subjects but much also of the semi-mediæval fashion in which they are bodied forth. Most favoured among them was the story of *Cupid and Psyche*, incidents from which were painted twice in 1865, again in 1867, in 1872, 1874, and in 1895, while the whole tale was arranged as a scheme of decoration for the Earl of Carlisle's dining-room in Palace Green and painted in part by Burne-Jones himself, though carried to completion by Mr. Walter Crane. A set of four pictures from *Pygmalion and the Image* was produced between 1869 and 1879, and the same repeated on a smaller scale between 1871 and 1883. *Danae and the Brazen Tower* does not appear in the list of works until 1872, but recurs again in 1876 and in 1888. During the concluding fifteen years of his life he executed a portion of a series illustrating the story of Perseus, which is now in the possession of the Right Honourable Arthur J. Balfour. Of these, *Perseus and the Graiæ* was painted between 1883 and 1893, *The Baleful Head* between 1884 and 1887, *The Rock of Doom* and *The Doom's Fulfilment* between 1884 and 1888, while *The Birth of Pegasus*, *The Death of Medusa*, *Perseus and Andromeda*, and *Perseus and the Sea-maidens* were left unfinished at his death. Lastly, *The Garden of the Hesperides* was painted between 1870 and 1873, and a subject from *The Ring given to Venus* was begun in 1872, but never finished. He furthermore

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made a large number of pencil drawings, which Morris himself was to engrave on wood, for a contemplated illustrated edition of *The Earthly Paradise*, but this most congenial collaboration was destined to remain unfulfilled, as was also the publication of the illustrations to Morris' translation of *The Æneid*. It must not, however, be supposed that the painter was indebted solely to the poet for his classical themes, for several of them were arrived at independently. *Theseus and Ariadne* are found in a water-colour painted in 1862, *The Wine of Circe*, begun in 1863, was completed in 1869, *Phyllis and Demophoön* in 1870 and reproduced under the name of *The Tree of Forgiveness* in 1882, while *Pyramus and Thisbe* was worked on at intervals from 1872 to 1876. A small class of pictures may be noted in passing which, though springing originally from seeds implanted by other minds, have been so individualised and transformed by the artist's personal inspiration that they form a convenient connecting-link with the pure children of his own imagining. Such are *Le Chant d'Amour* (1868 to 1877) and *Laus Veneris* (1873 to 1878), based on old French *chansons*, and *The Days of Creation* (1872 to 1876), while in the same category might, perhaps, be included the various allegorical idealisations, such as *Astrologia* (1865), *Flora* (1869 to 1884), *Hymen, Spring, and Autumn* (1869), *Vesper, Night, and Charity* (1870), *Fortune, Fame, Oblivion, Summer, Day,*

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Winter, Night (1871), *Eides* (1872), *Temperantia* (1873), *Spes* (1872-77), the *Sibyls* of 1873, 1874, and 1877, the exquisite vision of *Aurora* (1896), and many others.

I have purposely left to the last the wholly original offspring of his fancy, those poems in paint which form the most complete and characteristic expression of his artistic temperament and which are no less remarkable for the delicate poetic feeling infusing them than for the marvellous beauty of its exposition. In these his imagination soars to its highest culmination, and by these, in chief, it must be judged. Unfortunately, these, more than any others, lose inevitably by translation into black and white. To those who know the pictures, indeed, the reproductions may summon up some adumbration of the originals, but to those who do not no words can convey their wonderful charm. How can the pen even suggest the vivid brilliancy of *The Mirror of Venus*, the sunset-glow of *The Mill*, the splendid gloom of *Love Among the Ruins*, the amazing truth of *The Depths of the Sea*, or the tender harmony of *Love Disguised as Reason*? Until a kindly Destiny shall ordain that some, or better still all, of these shall find their way from the hands of their present fortunate private owners into the larger accessibility of public galleries, the comprehension of the prodigious genius of Sir Edward Burne-Jones must remain imperfect. *The Mill*, indeed, has passed into the keeping of the Victoria

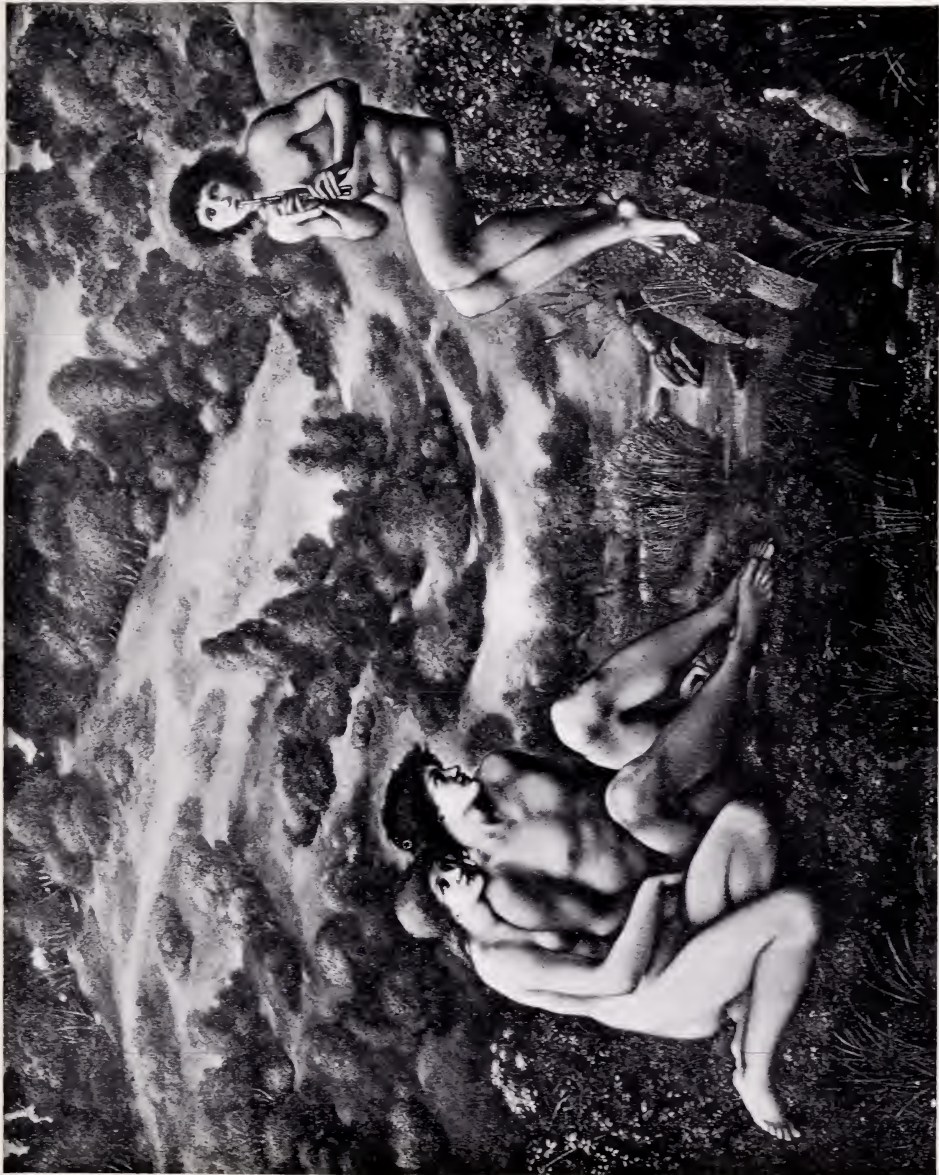
SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

and Albert Museum, and will, before long, it may be hoped, be on exhibition to the public ; the Tate Gallery, as has been said, can boast of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid* ; the Municipal Galleries of Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester contain fine examples of his work ; but at his finest and highest he can only, at present, be estimated inadequately by means of reproductions and the occasional opportunities afforded by the generosity of possessors to the great and growing body of his fervent admirers.

This conclusion may be deemed by some to be rather an odd way of ending an introductory essay to a volume of such reproductions, and a few words of explanation may therefore prove not impertinent. The fertility of invention, the truly passionate love of beauty, and the grace and refinement of design contained between these two covers might well have been left to speak for themselves, but on those, be they many or few, who have not as yet had the good fortune to meet with the actual handiwork of the painter it is not altogether irrelevant to impress the fact that Sir Edward Burne-Jones was, if possible, even more commanding as a colourist, while there are technical subtleties, in his later work, at any rate, which no mechanical process can ever succeed in reflecting.



PAN AND PSYCHE



THE GARDEN OF EDEN

WILLIAM BOUFFORD



THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES

John W. Waterhouse



THE FEAST OF PELEUS

Jean-Léon Gérôme



PHYLLIS AND DEMOPHOON



Photo. A. J. Cronin, 1920

THE MIND AND PSYCHE



THE FLOWER OF GOD

Photo. F. W. G. W.



Photo by J. J. ...

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI



Photo. J. Campbell Smith

THE ANNUNCIATION



DIES DOMINI

Photo. J. G. ...



Painted by J. Frazer

THEOPHILUS AND THE ANGEL



SAINTE GEORGE



MERLIN AND VIVIEN

Painted by Gustave Moreau



Edwin G. Yount, Ltd.

MORGAN LE FAY



Photo J. General Society

THE DREAM OF LAUNCELOT



THE MERCIFUL KNIGHT



LOVE DISGUISED AS REASON

From the "Cave of Sleep"



MERLIN AND NIMUE

Photo. W. J. Abner & Co.



FIRST DAY

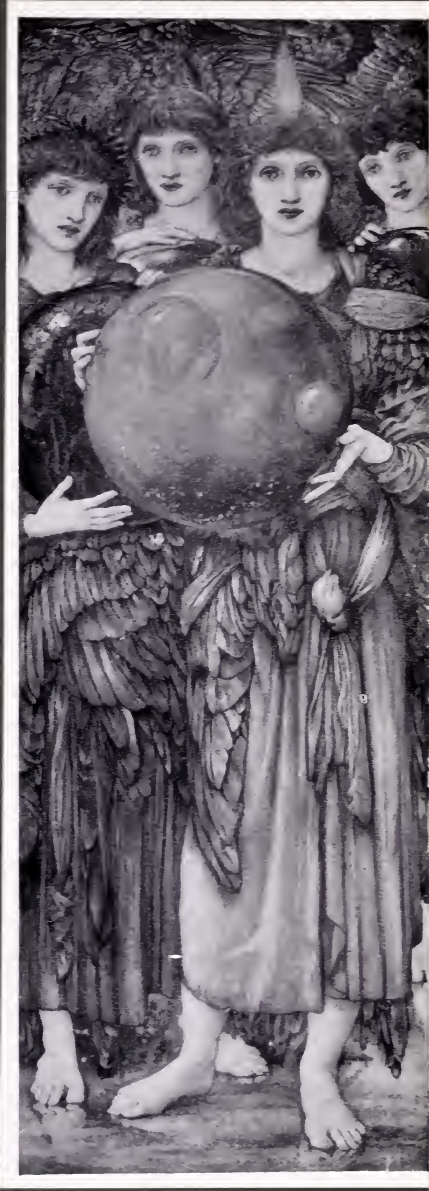
SECOND DAY

THE DAYS OF CREATION

Photos, F. H. Meyer



THIRD DAY



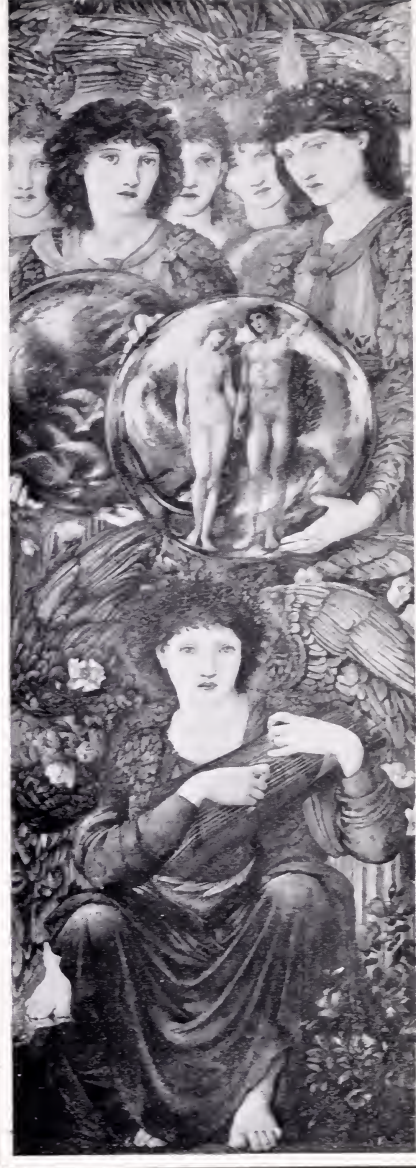
FOURTH DAY

THE DAYS OF CREATION

Photo, F. Salovey



FIFTH DAY



SIXTH DAY

THE DAYS OF CREATION

From *The Creation*



AURORA

Painted by Thomas Cole



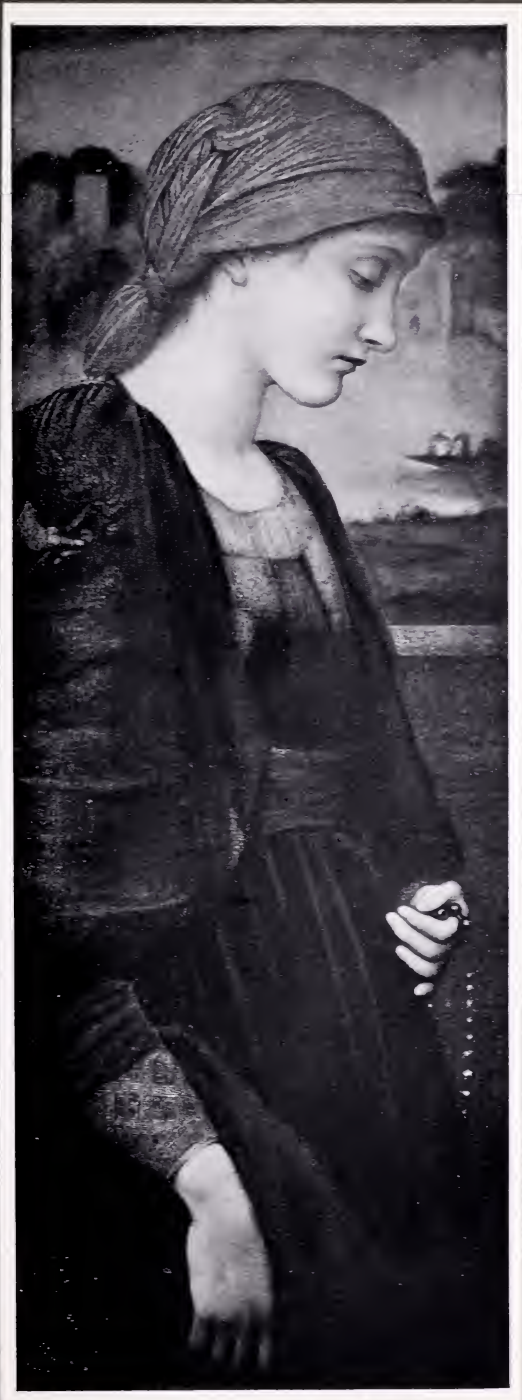
NIGHT

Painted by J. Carrey Fyffe



CHARITY

Photo. J. G. C. Smith



FLAMMA VESTALIS

Photo. J. G. Smith, E. W. H. & Co.



ASTROLOGIA

1890. J. Cassatt. Oil.



TEMPERANTIA

Fig. 3. G. C. J. J. J.



THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

FRANCESCO COSSA



Peter Paul Rubens

THE GOLDEN STAIRS



THE PRINCESS' TALE

After J. G. Schlegel



Photo. by J. J. Smith (1881)

MALCOLM'S DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN



THE CALL OF PERSEUS

Paint. J. G. Saxe



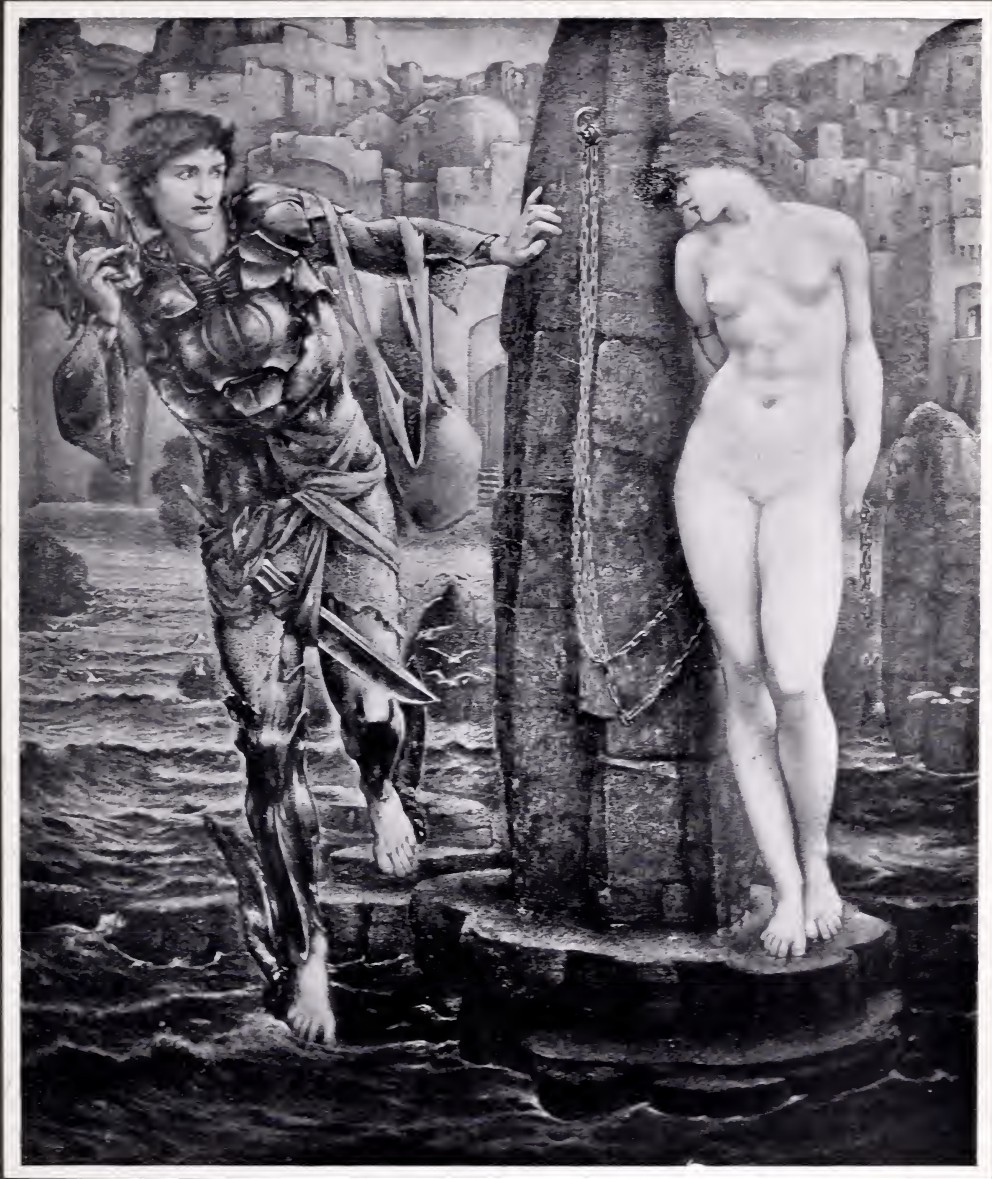
PERSEUS AND THE SEA NYMPHS

Painted by John William Waterhouse



Perseus e la Gorgone Stanetti

PERSEUS AND THE GORGON



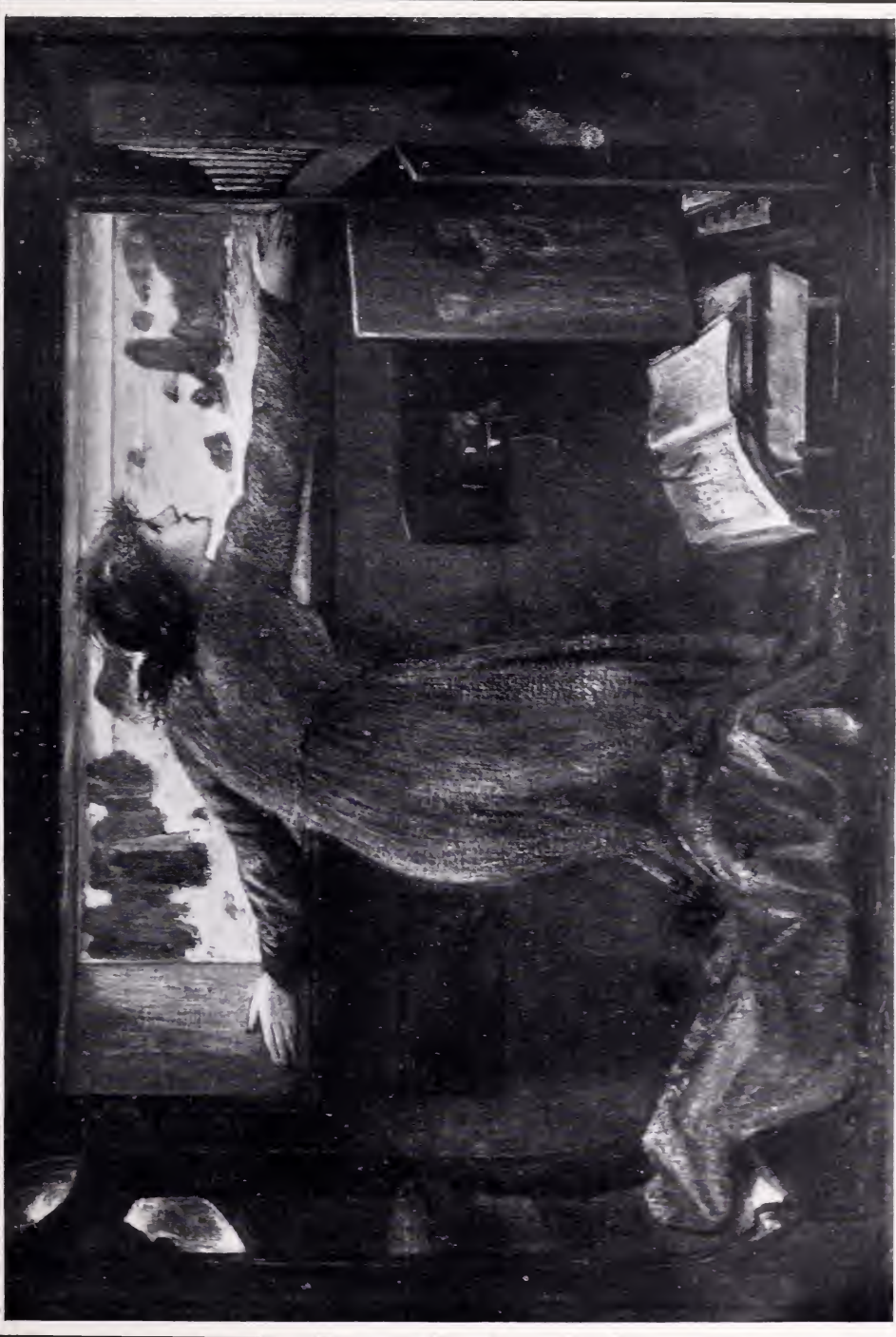
THE ROCK OF DOOM

From the 'Carnal' series



Photo. J. Donald Smith

THE DOOM FULFILLED



Mme. J. Caspary Smith

DORIGEN OF BRETAGNE



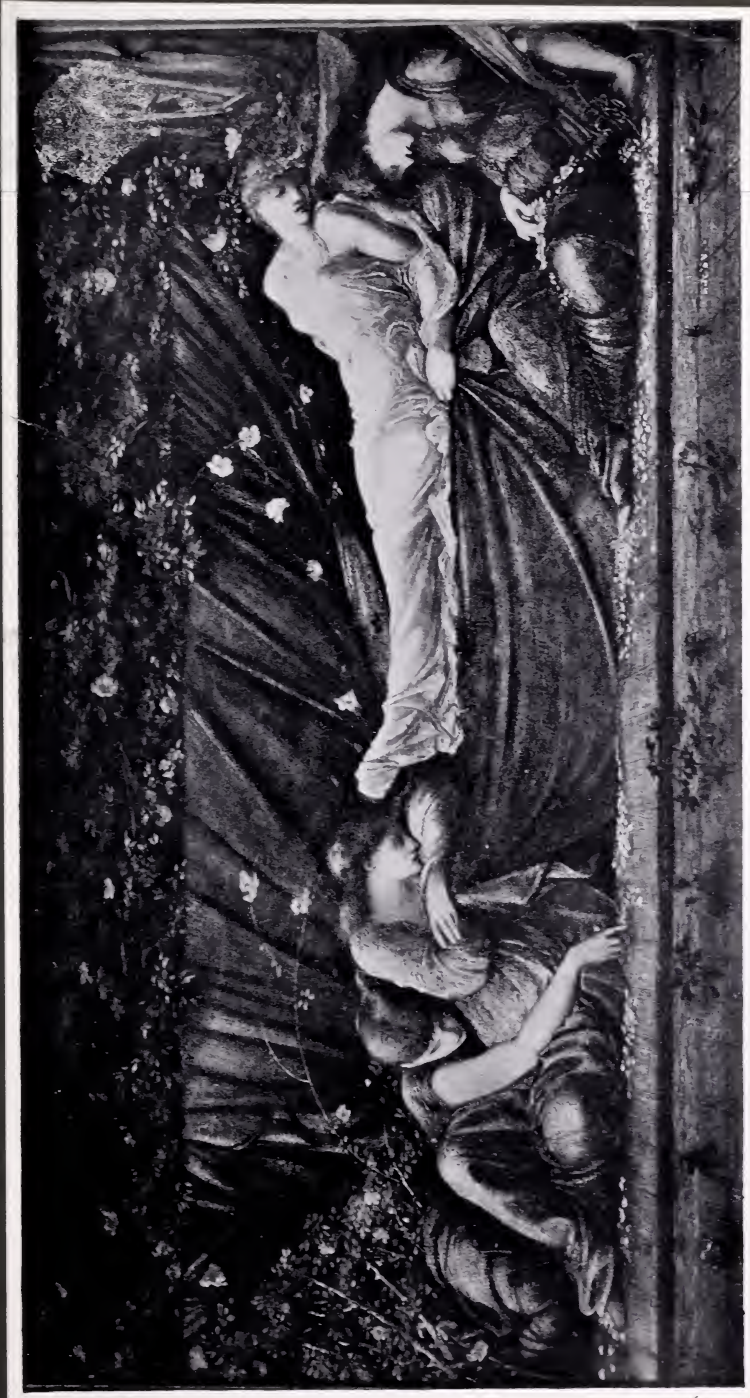
Photo, J. Cornall, 1904

THE KING AND COURTIER ASLEEP
LEGEND OF THE BRIAR ROSE



Photo. J. Van der Vliet

THE PRINCE ENTERING THE WOOD
LEGEND OF THE BRIAR ROSE



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
LEGEND OF THE BRICK ROSE

Museo, / Generali, Vienna



John E. Millais, 1855

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID



Photo. J. J. Smith, New York

THE WINE OF CIVICE



THE ADIEU

Photo. J. C. G. & Co.



CINDERELLA

From the "Cinderella" series



THE WIZARD

Photo. J. Conrad Smith

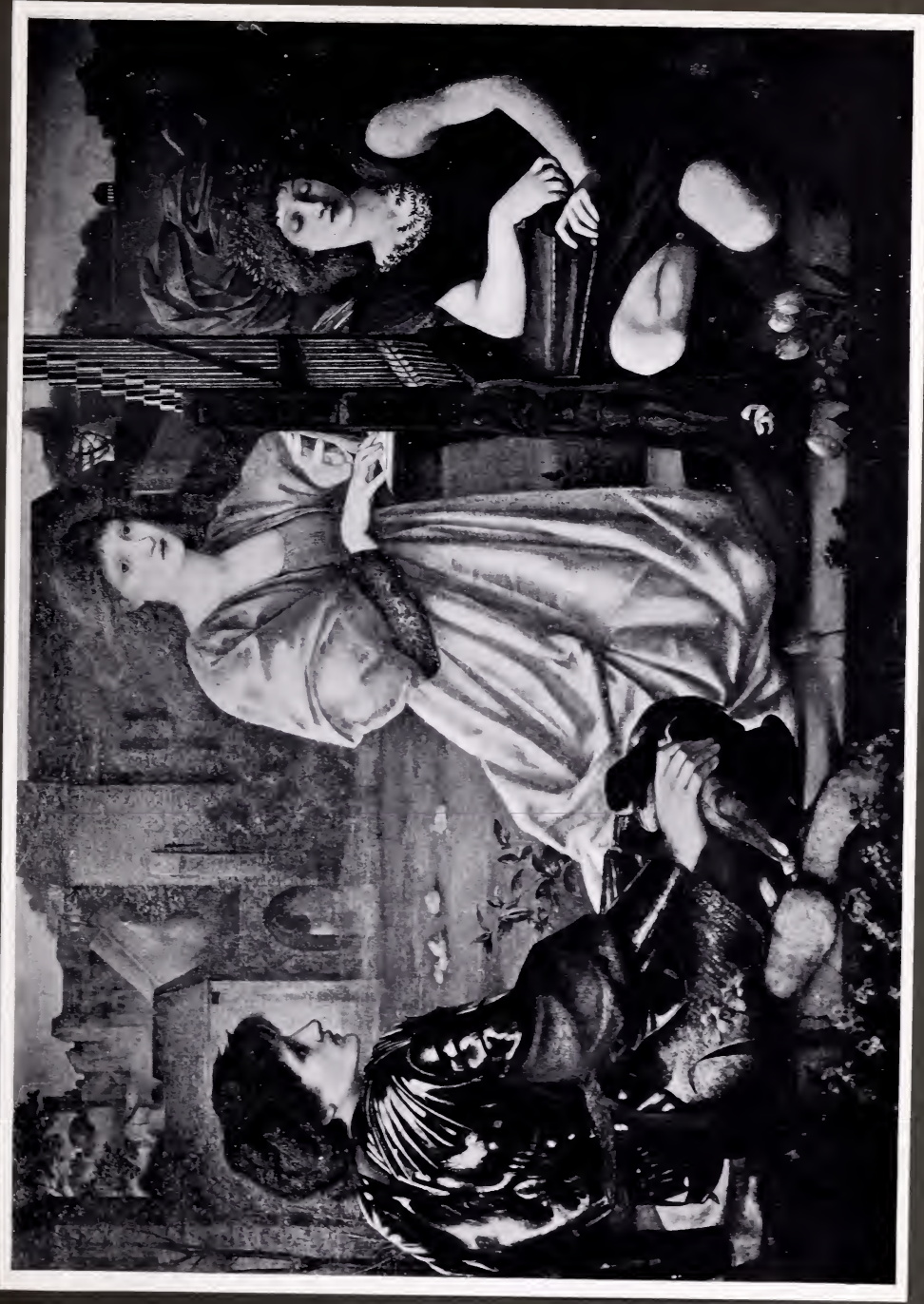


Photo. J. G. Goussier (D. 2000)

LE CHANT D'AMOUR



BACKGAMMON PLAYERS

Turner, J.M.W. (1775-1841)



Photo, J. Crawford Smith

SAINT VALENTINE'S MORNING



Photo J. Carpentier 1904

FAIR ROSEMOND AND QUEEN ELLANOR



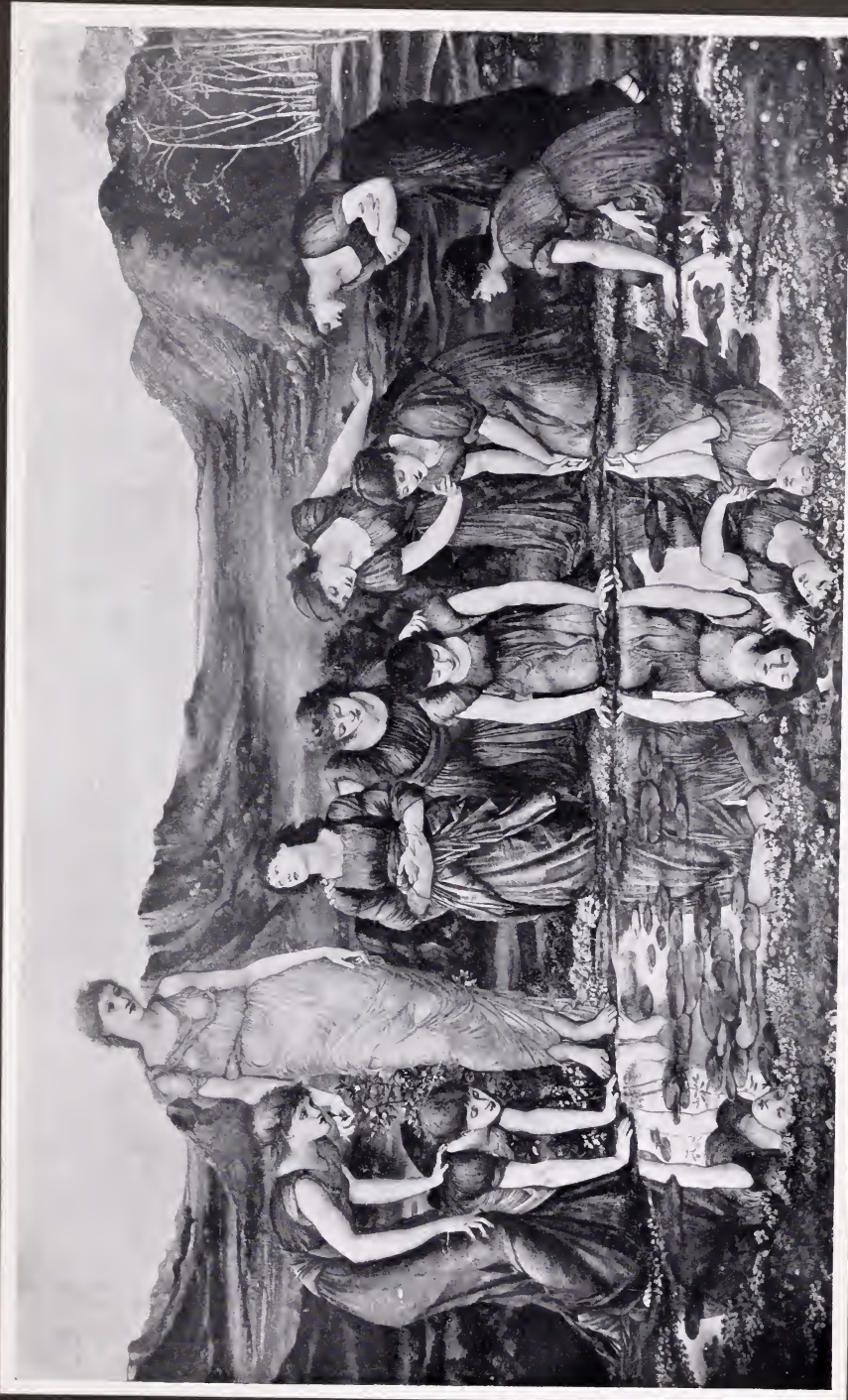
THE TOWER OF BRASS

Henry J. Cowell, 1892



Painted by J. Everett Millais

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL



THE MIRROR OF VENUS

Painted by J. Everett Millais



SPRING



SUMMER

Photo. J. Cassatt 1904



Fig. 2. (continued)

AUTUMN



WINTER.

Primo J. Casati, 1880.

